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Cheery Chimes
by
Louis M. Waterman
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Texas Baptist Memorial Sanitarium

Dallas, Texas

Louis M. Waterman, Chaplain

The Price of this Booklet (25 Cents) goes into the Sanitarium Charity Fund

[PRELUDE]

GARLAND THE LIVING.

Why should we wait, O friends beloved,
To praise the dead?
All praise is false that is not true
Till life is fled;
If true in life, to voice it then
Were better far;
Who love evokes is make of stuff
No praise may mar.

If others joy to see our wreath
Bedeck the dead,
They joy no less to see us crown
The living head;
While those sweet words which other hearts
With music throng,
Will thrill the very one we praise
With endless song.

Cheery Chimes

By Louis M. Waterman



THE DOCTOR.

While hale we are and hearty
No mortal thinks of him;
We toss him into discard
While sound in life and limb;
But, ah, when illness grips us
He towers before our face
The one outstanding figure
In all the human race.

He lends his genial presence
To celebrate our birth,
And then he does his utmost
To keep us on the earth.
Then, hats off to the Doctor!
For no man earns his fee
To buy all earth may offer
More worthily than he.

We crown him for his triumphs
With lancet keen and sure,
And pungent medications
A thousand ills that cure;
Then add this brightest laurel
That ever mortal wore:
Earth knows no benefactor
So gracious to the poor!

The world has lofty statesmen,
Deserving golden meed;
And prophets, artists, craftsmen,
Essential to our need;
But if there were no Doctors
Betwixt us and death's bier,
How many of us, think you,
Would now be even here?

THE NURSE.

The flower of our fair womanhood,
Alert to bless, attend this task—
Beneath God's favoring smile to bask
And do such deeds as angels would.

Here Science as her handmaid serves:
In union they o'er sufferers bend,
Till potentially their efforts blend
To hush the cry of tortured nerves.

By grace of sisterhood's sweet power,
Incarnate in her gentle care,
Life's fitful spark is made to flare
And bring again hope's radiant hour.

The touch of mother's ministry,
For which the ill must ever yearn,
The Nurse so duplicates, we turn
To see if mother by our side might be.

No calling were so wondrous fine:
A wizard to the sufferer, she—
As through her healing witchery
Men drink again Life's golden wine.

Her flight is plumed toward this high sphere:
When short of this she falls, to you,
Remember she is human, too,
And lend her wings a breath of cheer.

THE PATIENT.

The Hospital knows no eclipse:
The only palace where a chalice
Brimmed with healing greets all lips—
And mercy never groweth callous.

Ho, Inmate on your couch of pain!
Let some good fairy troubles bury;
For lo, your pangs already wane,
And joy would come with you to tarry.

Remember, none may dare avouch,
Though your physician be magician,
To heal you while you hug a grouch—
Don't handicap your own condition!

For you are climbing Wellville Heights;
Nay, do not doubt it; sing about it;
For there's no goblin that affrights
But cheeriness shall surely rout it.

"A merry heart is medicine"—
Our God hath said it, yea, He spread it
On Holy Pages—Have it, then,
And for its tonic give Him credit.

Let Doctor, Nurse and Patient join
To rout diseases; thus God pleases
To put His touch on troubled loins
And every mortal anguish eases.

THE VISITOR.

With eye a-gaze and tongue a-tune
For only brightest things—
With face a-gleam like light at noon
Aglow on sea-gull wings—
We may invade the sick-room, now,
Where pain's deep shadows lie,
To scatter clouds from troubled brow
And gloom from anguished eye.

If brevity be the soul of wit,
'Tis substance, soul and all
When we beside a sufferer sit
To make a cheery call;
To tarry, prodigal of speech
Throughout a weary stay,
Is ling'ring but to be a leech
And drain good cheer away.

We'd better keep aloof, by far,
Save optimists we be,
With hopefulness that nought may mar
In sufferings we see.
While life is life and God is God
Hush moanings of despair;
For all who breathe above the sod
Keep music in the air!

THE CHAPLAIN.

'Tis but your comrade he would be
To lend a bit of sympathy,
Your strength to save pain's sea to brave
And lift your head above the wave.

Then rear no walls of reticence
Betwixt him and your confidence;
No ax to grind has he, you'll find,
But just to be completely kind.

If godly counsel you should crave,
Or hear anew how Love would save,
At your behest he'll do his best
To make your God your welcome guest.

If you already know the Lord,
He'll help you sound hope's happy chord—
How God must bless in faithfulness
And pilot you through each distress.

E'en though there be a score of things
On which your need its changes rings,
To aught a friend might do, depend
He will most cheerful effort lend.

He'll gladly furnish winsome books,
That hours may flow like limpid brooks,
Till joy you quaff with song and laugh
And seize once more life's pilgrim staff!

THE MIST BROTHERS.

When I say his name is Pessi,
And his family name is Mist,
And his brother's name is Opti—
Of my tale you have the gist.

Both these brothers wear big goggles—
Those of Pessi sombre blue,
While the spectacles of Opti
Are a bright and rosy hue.

Count that each of these two brothers
Is as honest as you please,
When he glances through his glasses
And describes just what he sees.

Ask of Pessi, How's the weather?—
On some sunny day and fair—
And he'll glance about and answer:
Storms are brewing everywhere.

Ask of Opti, when the noon-time
Is as gloomy as the night,
And he'll look and say, Right soon, sir,
Shall the sun be beaming bright.

Ask of Pessi how the crops are,
When the grain is thick and green,
And most woefully he'll answer:
Signs of drouth are plainly seen.

Ask of Opti, when the prospect
Is a desert waste and drear,
And he'll joyfully make answer:
Drenching showers are drawing near.

Ask of Pessi his opinion
Of his neighbor, Uncle Si,
And he'll say, The man looks honest
But he's stealing on the sly.

Show to Opti some poor fellow
Whom the judge has sent to jail,
And he'll tell you, Were the truth out
It might be a different tale.

'Tis said both of these Mist brothers
Are quite chummy, chatty folks,
Though blue Pessi prates of horrors,
While bright Opti laughs and jokes.

You may choose for your companion
Mr. Pessi Mist, the glum—
But there's sense in your preferring
Mr. Opti Mist as chum.

MOST OF THE TIME.

Most of the time the mists are lifted;
Most of the time the skies are blue;
Down from above in floods is drifted
Most of the time an orient hue;
Hark to my rhyme:
Heaven is showering smiles on you,
Most of the time.

Most of the time the trees are singing
Psalmody sweet that softly swells;
Most of the time blithe birds are bringing
Jovial lays from sylvan dells;
Hark to my rhyme:
Earth a melodious story tells,
Most of the time.

Most of the time fair winds are blowing,
Freighted with perfumes manifold;
Most of the time is greensward growing
Fattening flocks on hill and wold;
Mark you my rhyme:
Earth is engaged in garnering gold,
Most of the time.

Most of the time as evening darkens
Skies are aglow with beacons bright;
Most of the time whoever harkens
Catches the caroled song of night;
List to my rhyme:
Midnights are buoyant bowers of light
Most of the time.

A GROUCH SPECIFIC.

Ah, I see you have a grouch on, my dear friend!
And you do not dare gainsay it,
For your very looks betray it—
Like a hedgehog with its bristles all on end!

O, you say you're feeling badly? I believe you!
But, my friend, let me prescribe:
Take the dose that I describe,
And I warrant it will certainly relieve you.

Take a grain of "Grin-and-bear-it," double
strong;
Let the grin be deep and wide,
Do not try one tooth to hide;
Let the bear-it be a bear-it good and long.

Add a grain of that rare drug, "I'm-feeling-fine!—
Feeling fine though thugs may smite me,
Feeling fine though germs may bite me,
Feeling fine, sir, if I starve or if I dine!"

Then throw in about an ounce of "How-are
-you,-sir?"
If you ask about another,
Then you find, somehow or other,
You no longer feel so awful bum and blue, sir.

And, when all of these you've swallowed, each
well shaken,
And you also start right soon
A-whistling some familiar tune—
Then it's "Farewell, Mr. Grouch!"—or I'm
mistaken!

OUR OWN FOLKS.

Why save your smiles for dress parade,
When company come to tea—
When everyone is all arrayed
In fashion cap-a-pie?
Oh smile a little as you go,
And tell your choicest jokes
When, clad in tweed and calico,
There's only just the folks!

Some are so very, very sweet
When visitors are by,
But chilly as a storm of sleet
When just their folks are nigh;
Oh be of true and solid worth
And not a hollow hoax—
Be sweetest when beside your hearth
There's only just the folks!

There is 'mong men a man, they say,
Who, strange as it may sound,
Is always cheerful, glad and gay
When but his folks are round;
Who, if sometimes he needs must be
Devoid of smiles and jokes,
'Tis other men his frowns shall see,
And not just his own folks.

Perhaps that man is not a king,
All clad in plumes and cloaks—
But what a gladness it would bring
To dwell among his folks;
And if I thought he'd take in me,
Oh how I'd plead and coax!—
For my crowned Prince of Men is he
Who's sweetest to his folks!

BABY'S SMILE.

Full hard his face;
Rough rivalry in bargains keen
For pelf and place,
Had made a man the mere machine
To grind and get of profits net
Enough to keep his balance clean;
To such a face a baby smiled:
The thing of iron became a child.

Full false her face;
The alchemy of fashion's wiles,
With rapid pace,
Transforming graces into guiles,
Made Beauty's tryst, once angel-kissed,
The sportive haunt of hollow smiles;
Yet lo, when baby laughed and cooed,
A soul from out that face was wooed.

So any face,
How marred or scarred by any ill,
How low or base,
To semblance of God's image will
Return again the instant when
Of baby's smile it drinks its fill,
For baby's smile is Love's device
To lure us back to Paradise.

A SAIL ON SLUMBER SEA.

The Sloop of Sleep, with baby aboard,
Upon her cruise must go;
The sails are set, the anchor is weighed
And brisk the breezes blow.

Bye bye, my dearie, bye bye, bye bye—
And blithe your voyage be!
For off you float in th' bonniest boat
That sails on Slumber Sea.

Full soon the shores of Wide-Awake Land
Will vanish from your view;
While voices clear from Far-Away Isles
Will sweetly call to you.

Those fairy isles with wonderful scenes
Will greet your dreaming eye;
With smiling flowers and musical groves
Where brooks go laughing by.

There baby in a hammock of gold
Beneath the boughs will sway,
While trees and bees and zephyrs and birds
Will hum a roundelay!

THE SONG OF THE TUB.

The swish of the scrubbing,
The rhythm of rubbing,
The music of making things clean,
Is poesy neater
And sentiment sweeter
Than brooklets that shimmer and sheen!

For there is no knowing
A vision more glowing
Than suds so like hillocks of pearls;
And where is a humming
Such cadences summing
Of water that sings as it swirls!

As laundering surely
A mission hath purely
Of making Earth spotless and bright,
How clear and convincing
Are wringing and rinsing
Evangel of sweetness and light!

Like garments unsightly
Ill conduct full rightly
Needs many a vigorous rub;
While deeds of the saintly
Resemble not faintly
The linen we lift from the tub!

Then, though it we weary,
O deem it not dreary—
For cherubim count it divine;
Yea, who may dare doubt it
When God is about it:
Preparing Life's robes for the line!

EQUIPOSE.

Some go through life a-scurrying,
As if their souls were hurrying
To bid this world adieu;
They skip through things a-bustling,
And then they jump a-hustling
To find what next to do.

They get of life a smattering,
A fitful glimpse and scattering,
Who go with whir and whiz;
But those who go with equipoise,
With steady step and little noise,
Get all of life there is.

When God on High begins a tree,
He often takes a century
Ere half His task is done;
And yet we fain would build a life,
Mid all its stir and stress and strife,
Ere scarcely we've begun.

There's time enough for carefulness,
For thoroughness, for prayerfulness,
As on life's way we plod;
We'll reach our goals quite soon enough
And reap from toil quite boon enough,
If we keep up with God.

Then let us cease our scurrying,
Our fluttering and flurrying,
And stay our frantic speed;
There's God to set the pace for us,
And Earth with ample space for us,
And all the time we need.

RECIPROCITY.

We serve each other, this great World and I.
How multitudinous its part, and mine
How small! Yet 'tis when tiny parts combine
We have a world—my part dare I deny?

My banquet board, from whence its lavish
weight?
A myriad toilers on the countryside,
From murky dawn to dusky eventide,
Have wrought and brought to me its luscious
freight.

My jaded tastes sharp condiments require;
Forthwith responds far India's swarthy son—
For me plucks pepper, cloves or cinnamon,
To charm my waiting palate's keen desire.

Attire I need, beseeching frost and heat;
Lo, shepherds haste to shear their cherished
flocks,
And cotton fields are stripped of snowy locks,
Till thousands join to make my garb complete.

I beg for beauty: artists dream for me;
I crave for lore, and authors sweat their
brains;
For music I beseech, and with what pains
Do tuneful souls pour forth their minstrelsy.

The World serves me, but am I serving it?
Lo, every law that cheers the universe
Would I with utter ingrate soul reverse,
If, served so well, myself serve not a bit!

THE FACE WE WEAR.

'Tis well enough to wear such dress
 As connoisseurs of clothes require;
 'Tis finer still, we must confess,
 To wear a face that folks admire.
 For faces, more than cut of clothes,
 Subtract or add to human peace—
 Some seem to multiply our woes,
 While others, bless you, bring release.

A face worth while may not be formed
 In Roman or in Grecian style,
 Yet, gazing on it, how are warmed
 Our drear and drooping souls, the while!
 Such face but seems a fountain free
 From which some sweet elixir flows—
 We drink its smile with thirsty glee
 Until our inmost being glows.

From myriad shops our raiment fair
 Has come but for the price we've paid;
 But evermore the face we wear
 Is every bit of it home-made.
 Yet if our hearts, with strong desire,
 On others' weal shall brightly smile,
 We'll keep aflame love's lambent fire
 And ever wear a face worth while.

Most folks are really fine, I vow,
 If we might all their virtues toll,
 And would for evils but allow
 That native are to every soul—
 We'd find how few, beneath the crust,
 But have some trait that we might trust.

Just take that glum and surly man,
 Who frowns upon you all the while—
 You'd think he hated all his clan,
 And nought on earth could make him smile—
 Yet somewhere some poor soul forlorn
 Might find him radiant as the morn.

Then take that miser mortal, now,
 Who parts from coppers with a pang—
 You'd think his mind and heart but bow
 To music that his money sang—
 Yet he his pennies may have prized
 To bless the world unadvertised.

Take now some fellow steeped in crime,
 And put him in your crucible—
 You'd think to trace but guilt and grime
 Through all that was reducible—
 Yet you might find, before you're through,
 Some milk of human kindness, too.

Then why not give the worst of men
 The benefit of every doubt,
 And trust that in some hidden glen
 A fragrant flower is budding out—
 That something really sweet and true
 You'll find, if you but search him through.

CHEER UP AND CHIRRUP.

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
Although the storm is on,
It chimes a thousand keynotes
By which to pitch a song—
Resounding in its raindrops
And in its thunder-gong!

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
Though darksome be the day,
There are a thousand carols
To brighten up the way—
Then join the jovial chorus
And charm the clouds away!

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
The night may have no moon,
But a thousand stars are shining
And dawn is coming soon—
Then pucker up and warble
A jolly, joyful tune!

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
Although you have no gold,
There are a thousand pennies
That down your way have rolled;
There's music in your coppers—
Then jingle all you hold!

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
Although old friends be far,
Behold a thousand new ones
A-smiling where you are—
Then cheer up, friend, and chirrup
A blithe and merry bar!

Come, cheer up, friend, and chirrup!
Forget your pangs and pains,
For there's a thousand chuckles
A-choking in your veins—
Let loose the laughing waters
Till not an ache remains!

A SMILE.

THE SUNNY SOUL.

Fares never forth the sunny soul
To snatch a crown at cannon's mouth;
From out his lips no thunders roll,
But gentle whispers from the south;
He storms no heights with echoing tread,
But softly walks through valleys green;
His footprints ne'er with blood are red,
But in his steps fair flowers are seen.

But th' sunny soul is Earth's true knight,
On stressful fields of daily life:
He swings a gleaming sword of light
That cleaves the heart of hate and strife;
He bends love's mighty battle bow,
And speeds a smile so blithe and rare
It pierces thickest walls of woe
And slays the giants of despair.

O sunny king of kindly arts!—
To lime-light fame art thou unknown;
Yet in ten thousand weary hearts
Hast thou upreared a shining throne!
Come thou, and with thy genial face,
Thy cheery mien, thy courtesy,
Take in my heart thy princely place
And work in me thy witchery!

When on our face a smile breaks out,
That bubbles up from deep within,
It makes us look as if about
A score of years had never been;
It matters not how years may pile,
We're never older than our smile.

Your hair may be all snowy now,
Or scarcer than a biddy's teeth,
Yet, if you smile, upon your brow
Is resting youth's immortal wreath;
Though years may pass in long defile,
You're yet a youngster—if you smile.

If you would have folks deem you young,
Then get them guessing when you laugh;
They'll miss your place upon the rung
Of life's long ladder, more than half;
The brightest guessers are beguiled,
Who count your years when you have smiled.

Then toss aside your ancient look,
And spread bright youth o'er all your face,
Till not a single tiny nook
Of crabbed age shall bear a trace;
Throw off Methuselah awhile
And join the cherubs—with a smile.

A smile is more infectious far
Than measles, to the human face;
Then let us smile where'er we are
Till we inoculate the race;
And then a smile will be the style
That folks will follow all the while!

WHEN I SEZ MY PRAYER.

When I sez my prayer at night, you bet
I never has had to stay awake yet—

For my Ma blows out the light,
And I just curls up all in a heap
And quick as a wink I'm fast asleep—

When I sez my prayer at night.

Sometimes I fergits to say my prayer,
And then I lays rollin' and tossin' there

Till way on into the night;
But when I remembers, and like a man
Jumps out and sez it fast as I can—

Then I goes to sleep all right.

And th' days when I'se been mean and tough,
Just "Now I lay me" ain't quite enough—

When I sez my prayer at night—
I must go right on and make a clean breast
Of my oneryness, or they ain't no rest
For this here kid that night!

And onct in a while when I gits gay
And mumbles my words, and don't half pray,

O, th' things I dreams is a fright!
But how God makes the goblins hike
When Him and me gits friendly-like—
When I sez my prayer at night!

WHEN WAR LOOKS WRONG.

I never fights with Johnny Jones,

Who lives across the way,
'Cause it's so wrong for boys to do

Like cats and dogs, they say:
There's another reason, on the side,

That's plain enough to see:
And that's because this Johnny Jones
Is a whole lot bigger'n me!

I'm not afraid of him, O no!

Why, when he told that lie
About me onct, at first I thought

I'd smash him in the eye—
But just in time I thought how wrong,

How very wrong 'twould be
For me to hit that boy—and how
He's a whole lot bigger'n me!

My daddy says that Uncle Sam

Should be the biggest boy
In this whole world, in ships and guns;

That no one would annoy
Him then—they'd all git awfully good

And call off every fuss,
'Cause war's so wrong, they'd say—and, then,
He's a whole lot bigger'n us!

GOD AND PA.

God likes my Pa a lot, I know,
He's such a dandy chap!
If a feller makes a bit of noise
He doesn't care a rap.
And after supper, many a time,
My Pa he plays with me,
At marbles or at mumblypeg,
As long as we can see.

Then, just before it gits quite dark,
He helps me do my chores;
And how we laugh, till folks come out
To listen to our roars!
God likes my Pa a heap, I know—
He's such a jolly lot;
Each time I say: "Let's have some fun!"
He's Johnny on the Spot!

When Sunday comes and Pa he says:
"Come, Tom, let's go to church,"
You bet I go, for do you s'pose
I'd leave him in the lurch?
Not on your life! And when the men
That preach to us allow
That God on High is like my Pa,
That hits me hard, I vow!

Why, thinkin' God is like my Pa
Makes lumps come in my throat
At things I've done, till I calls myself
A mean and measly shoat!—
And swear I'll be more like my Pa
So God'll love me, too,
And I pray to Him, down in my heart:
"Say, God, just help me through!"

And He sure does! He's just like Pa—
He always comes to time,
And never gives a penny when
I need a silver dime!
God likes my Pa a lot, I know,
And I like God, you bet!
When I thinks of 'em—say, don't you tell—
Sometimes my eyes gits wet!

THE ISLE OF TRUST.

Some, sailing far seas in search of heart's ease,
Are whelmed by tempests of doubt—
For illusions that lure can never endure
And highest of hopes must rout;
Cleave I to the shore, to challenge no more
The treacherous ocean gust—
For I've pitched my tent with a calm content
On the orient Isle of Trust.

What matters to me the mysterious sea
That around this Isle may roar;
Its stretches unknown that thunder and moan
Have I no call to explore;
Though it lash the beach it never can reach
My soul with its fevered lust,
While I keep my feet with contentment sweet
On the orient Isle of Trust.

Then why toss about on the waves of doubt
And venture o'er seas unknown,
When to dwell ashore is to question no more
What God provides for His own;
Ambrosial fare or a nectar rare
Doubt ne'er to my lips has thrust—
But sweet is my cup whenever I sup
With God on the Isle of Trust.

And this wondrous Isle is troubled the while
With never a winter's chill;
Ever green is its sod for the smile of God
Bathes every vale and hill;
And on every slope sweet flowers of hope
Spring bright from its genial dust—
As over its sward I walk with my Lord
On the orient Isle of Trust.

INASMUCH.

With courtesy I bend one morn
The heart of a rose to greet;
It pours its scented thanks on me,
With a glance demure and sweet.
For a rose's bloom is the smile of love
Answering back to smiles above.

With tenderness I stoop one day
The heart of a child to cheer—
And lo, I stand in Paradise
Where scenes of joy appear!
For Heaven is hid in eyes of blue
When a happy child has smiled on you.

With gentleness I bow one night
To soothe a suffering brow—
When lo, I glimpse in the invalid's face
The face of Another, now!
For healing the hurt of affliction's rod
Unveils the smile on the face of God!

BETTER STILL.

When plans fall futile to the earth,
Though scarce have they been given birth;
When cherished hopes all but fulfilled
Sink in the sand as waters spilled;
A man may frown if he but will,
Yet, if he smile, 'twere better still.

When those to whom we lend a lift
Leave us the best we may to shift;
When friends who hold in hand our heart
Impale it with envenomed dart;
A man may frown if he but will,
Yet, if he smile, 'twere better still.

When words as bitter as the gall
Are said of us, not true at all;
When calumnies are borne abroad,
Believed by all who hear, save God;
A man may frown if he but will,
Yet, if he smile, 'twere better still.

They who may frown, yet dare to smile,
Their own despair illumine the while,
And through the gloom of others' night
Sweep rays of sweet, unwonted light;
A man may frown if he but will,
Yet, if he smile, 'twere better still.

TO ONE SHUT IN.

Be brave, dear heart, be brave!
Thus only to behave
Becomes thy powers;
Swift rolling years do not
From recollection blot
Triumphant hours.

In those fair former days
God's will to thee meant praise
And happiness;
Is His will other now
When on thy wiser brow
Pain's fingers press?

Lo, He whose wondrous grace
Can make life's commonplace
A palace gate,
Can turn deep grief to gain
And out of keenest pain
New joy create.

Though He forbid thy feet
To tread the lawn and street
Or roam the beach;
Is not shut out the din,
And He with thee shut in
For aye in reach?

Be brave, dear heart, be brave!
Love's chance were missing save
Such need were thine;
Now Love beside thee stands
To give dear human hands
A task divine.

UNFURL THE FLAG.

Unfurl the Flag! At dawn, when fleeing Night
Flings farewell kisses to the rising Sun,
Be our first vision fair those folds so bright
'Neath which so wide hath Freedom's reign begun!
And when departing Day o'erspreads the sky
With glory tints no human brush may match,
Let still our Flag with these fair splendors vie,
The last bright thing our straining gaze shall catch!

Unfurl the Flag! Where Winter's snowy flakes
The frigid Earth o'er-mantles with thick down,
Fling there the Flag across the ice-locked lakes
And sweep its glories o'er each white-robed town!
Yea, where sweet summer smiles the whole year round,
And Earth's green lap is filled for aye with flowers,
Let there the Flag on scented breeze rebound,
The fitting type of blithesome birds and bowers!

Unfurl the Flag! While Peace, with folded wing,
Abides oblivious of the shout of foes,
Let float our flag and with us laugh and sing,
The happy symbol of our calm repose;
But when dread War now fills us with alarms
Till startled Peace is forced to wing her flight,
'Tis sight sublime, amid the din of arms,
To see our Flag lead forth a nation's might!

Unfurl the Flag, where our loved fathers fought
And fixed the borders of our vast domain;
Unfurl the Flag, where our brave sons have wrought
And wrested isles from tyranny's sad bane;
Unfurl the Flag, where despots yet essay
To crush the hopes of lands across the sea;
Flash there its folds till lands reclaimed shall say:
All hail the Flag that made the whole World free!

GOD'S GARDEN.

My garden plot is a human lot
Fenced in with homely care and toil;
When there the while I sow a smile
What a sweetness springs from its crimson soil!

No spot so bare but blossoms rare
Will leap from its heart if I sow the seed;
And Time is small to reap it all:
The harvest fair of a kindly deed.

God's garden space is a human race,
Too vast for me to till and trim;
But if you, O friend, a smile will lend,
Right soon will a World with bloom o'er-brim!

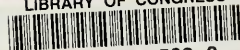
JUST LIVE TO GIVE.

O give because to you 'tis life to give—
As sunbeams give the day;
As roses perfume yield;
As sea-waves fling their spray;
As grasses robe the field;
As, save to give, they have no call to live!

O never give that you in turn may get—
Your gold, to gold attain;
Your smile, a smile to hire;
Your lift, to lift regain;
Your love, to love require;
Just live to give and all rewards forget!

Live but to give and you shall have your due—
Some hand will gold repay;
Some face on you will smile;
Some love will light your way;
Some friend your woe beguile;
God underwrites each debt of love to you!

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